

**BOURCICAULT'S
DRAMATIC WORKS.**

No. 2.

ANDY BLAKE;

OR,

THE IRISH DIAMOND.

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS

BY DION BOURCICAULT,

AUTHOR OF "LONDON ASSURANCE," "OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS," "THE COR-
SICAN BROTHERS," "FAUST AND MARGARET," "LOUIS THE ELEVENTH,"
"THE YOUNG ACTRESS," "JANET PRIDE," "THE PHANTOM,"
"THE IRISH HEIRESS," "LOVE IN A MAZE,"
"ANDY BLAKE."

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This Play forms No. 110 of French's Edition of the Minor Drama.  
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NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET.

—
1857.

BOURCICAULT'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

ON the 22d of October, 1853, an announcement appeared in the bills of Burton's Theatre, informing the public of New York that Miss AGNES ROBERTSON would make her first appearance in the United States on that occasion. This was the first time that the name ever reached our ears. She came unheralded, unpuffed, and rose above the horizon as noiselessly as a star in the heavens. The piece in which she appeared was

THE YOUNG ACTRESS,

A MUSICAL INTERLUDE, BY DION BOURCICAULT,
Altered from an old piece called the "Manager's Daughter."

This drama was entirely re-written, and it formed the framework for a number of exquisitely drawn portraits, possessing all the life-like vigor of coloring and careful outline, which distinguishes the genius of the author of "London Assurance."

After a career of three months in New York, where she had gathered around her a host of admirers, she went to Boston in January, 1854, and made her celebrated *debut* at the Boston Museum. The excitement caused by her performances spread throughout the city and environs; it gained the neighboring villages, towns and cities, and special trains were run to bring thousands to witness this exquisite actress. The engagement was prolonged from two to four weeks, then to six, and subsequently to eight weeks. By this time the *furore* had become beyond all precedent. The tickets of admission were sold at a premium of five and six dollars each, and at her benefit, the last night of her engagement, the applicants for seats blocked up the access to the theatre and the street in front. The manager, Mr. Moses Kimball, induced Miss Robertson to prolong her performances for the ninth week, and within four hours, such was the crowd that every seat in the theatre was bought up for the ensuing week. Such was the enthusiasm created by Miss Robertson amongst the ladies of Boston, that her promenades through the streets were beset with crowds who followed her from place to place. The corridors of the Tremont House, where she resided, were blocked up with fair admirers, who fairly invaded her apartments. The childlike grace, and sweetness of manner, with which she received all these honors, that fell so suddenly and thickly upon her, won more hearts to her cause than the exquisite power of her acting on the stage. During this engagement, in which Mr. Kimball, the manager, netted something like twenty thousand dollars, Miss Robertson appeared in

ANDY BLAKE;

OR, THE IRISH DIAMOND,

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS, BY DION BOURCICAULT,
Founded on the celebrated French piece, "*Le Gamin de Paris*."

Her performance of the Irish boy was a beautiful creation, and drew from her audience tears and smiles of sympathy. From Boston Miss Robertson went

Bourcicault's Dramatic Works,
FORMING THE REPERTOIRE OF
MISS AGNES ROBERTSON.
No. II.

ANDY BLAKE:

OR,

THE IRISH DIAMOND,

A COMEDY, IN TWO ACTS.

BY

Dion Bourcicault

*Author of "London Assurance," "Old Heads and Young Hearts,"
"The Willow Copse," "Used Up," "Love in a Maze," "The
Irish Heiress," "Andy Blake," "The Young Actress,"
"The Corsican Brothers," "The Phantom," &c. &c.*

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Six, by
DION BOURCICAULT, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern
District of New York.

NEW-YORK:

1856.

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, *etc.*

CHARACTERS.

<i>General Daly</i>	Mr. Sedley Smith,
<i>Dick Daly, (his son)</i>	Mr. Ralton,
<i>Andy</i>	Miss AGNES ROBERTSON,
<i>Ignatius Mulrooney</i>	Mr. W. Warren,
<i>Mrs. Blake</i>	Mrs. Vincent,
<i>Mary</i>	Mrs. Rumford,
<i>Lady Mountjoy</i>	Madame Radinski.

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ANDY BLAKE;

OR,

THE IRISH DIAMOND.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A chamber, neatly furnished; door in F. R. H.; easel and portfolio; doors, R. and L.; MRS. BLAKE seated, R. H., front, knitting, her spectacles on; DICK plainly dressed, sitting at easel, L. H.; back, MARY looking over his drawing.*

Mrs. B. Haven't you done yet?

Dick. Not quite. I am not quite satisfied with your nose.

[Kisses MARY apart.]

Mrs. B. If I'd a nose from Dublin to Connemara, ye might have drawn it by this time.

Mary. Pray have patience, grandmama, your picture will soon be finished, he is getting on so well.

Dick. Just hold on that smile a little longer, there, I have caught it now—turn your face away a little more—a leetle more.

[As Mrs. B. turns her back, DICK kisses MARY.]

Mrs. B. Will that do?

Dick. Admirably.

Mrs. B. He's as long making my nose as if it was a railroad.

Dick. There, that will do for to-day.

[Rises.]

Mary. *(Crosses to c.)* Dear grandmama, you know how anxious Andy is to have your likeness.

Mrs. B. If it wasn't for my darling boy—for that villain, Andy, that I love better than the apple of my eyes, I wouldn't ache my old back for all the pictures in Ireland; but I'd like to leave him something to look upon when I'm dead and gone.

Mary. And don't forget that Mr. Brown paints it for nothing

Mrs. B. Mr. Brown is a good, steady, hard-working young man; I wish my Andy was like him.

Dick. Remember how young he is.

Mrs. B. Old enough to know better than to idle about the streets with low boys, playing marbles and peg-top.

Dick. He is so full of spirits—so gay.

Mrs. B. Doesn't he neglect his work?

Dick. He is the sharpest lad in the printing-office where he is employed.

Mrs. B. He's a good-for-nothing bad boy.

Dick. He's the favorite of everybody.

Mrs. B. Mr. Mulrooney says he'll come to a bad end.

Dick. Mr. Mulrooney is an ass.

Mrs. B. He does not love his grandmother.

Dick. He just worships you on both his knees, and you are an ungrateful old woman to say so.

Mrs. B. Come and throw your two arms round my neck; come—no—don't. I'm not eighteen—I wish I was, that I might thank ye for the good word you give my Andy; bless you for it all the same.

Dick. Don't listen to Old Mulrooney, he is a schoolmaster, and he thinks that boys were born to be thrashed.

Mary. He hates Andy.

[Shouts outside.]

Mrs. B. Bless my heart, now there's Andy; I'm sure he's up to something; he'll be the death of me.

Enter IGNATIUS MULROONEY, *with a large umbrella, D. in F.*

Mul. Oh, the villain! Ah, the young rascal!

Dick. What's the matter, sir?

Mul. Hanging's the matter, sir. That boy will be found guilty of my murder, with malice prepense.

Mrs. B. What has he done, now?

Mul. I was in the poultry market, bargaining for a turkey, ticketed "this fine turkey fifteen shillings," when I felt a slap on the back. I turned, and there was Andy, dodging away. Well, sir, in a minute after, such a shillibaloo as there was, all the market was laughing and hooting at me. "I'll bid nine-and-six for you," says one; "you're tough, maybe," says another; "are you home-fed?" says a third—till I lost my temper, and run for it, with all the rabble at my tail. It was Andy's doing, I know it was. *[Turns, and on his back is a ticket, with these words—]* "This fat goose, only ten-and-sixpence." *MARY twitches it off and conceals it.* The instant my back is turned, that villain is at some mischief; I shall live to see him hung.

Mrs. B. Oh! Mr. Mulrooney—who could hang my Andy?

Mul. I could, ma'am, with pleasure.

Mrs. B. You are a brute.

Mul. I wish I was, ma'am. It's only quadrupeds that are truly happy. They have no cares, no sorrows; they have no Andys amongst them, ma'am. What's here? *[Sees portrait.]* A portrait. Who's this?

Mary. Cannot ye see? It's grandmamma.

Mul. This! Ha! ha! This daub, a picture of that old woman? Where's the wrinkles? Hid under the paint, I suppose!

Dick. I hope, sir, it is only an agreeable likeness.

Mul. Agreeable! You mean flattering. This picture has a Grecian nose, while her's is a snub.

Dick. Bear!

Mul. The real old Irish pug. No, sir; you are wrong, to paint an

old woman of seventy with a face of seventeen! If you paint a devil, never forget his tail.

Dick. When you sit for your portrait, sir, I shall furnish you with that appendage.

Mrs. B. I don't care, so long as Andy likes it. Bless his heart! It may be as ugly as you, Mr. Mulrooney, or as handsome as my Andy himself, but so long as it brings me to his mind, that's enough for me.

Mul. There it is! You spoil him—you ruin him. I've taught boys. I've reared the young idea; I know the breed. Believe me, the tree of knowledge was a birch; and acting on that conviction, whenever I wished to impress my lessons on the heads of boys, I always illustrated them with *wood-cuts* on the other extremities. *[Imitates whipping.]*

Mrs. B. I would not lay a finger on Andy for a kingdom.

Mul. The first and only day he came to my school, I had him out to cane him well. I never felt so gratified. I had hardly raised my hand, when he gave me what he calls his upper cut, and chin-chopper—that is, a simultaneous blow under the jaw, and another in that geography of the stomach vulgarly called the wind.

Mrs. B. Poor boy—he ran home quite distressed, and said, Oh! grandma, what do you think I've done to old Mull! I've doubled him up!

Mul. Doubled me up! Yes, ma'am, and I'm not unfolded yet!

[Crosses to R. H. corner.]

[Cries without.]

Mary. What is that?

Mul. What is it? It is Andy. I'll stake my life, that imp is at the bottom of it, whatever it is.

Enter ANDY, wet through, D. in F.

Mrs. B. Ah! Bless the boy! What's the matter?

Andy. I'm wet through. Here, old Mull, lend us your nose, and iron me out.

Mul. I'd rather hang you out to dry, you rascal.

Mrs. B. Where have you been?

Andy. I've been in the wet dock, up to my neck.

Mul. You'll be in another dock—up to your neck, too—one of these days. *[Crosses to R. C.]*

Andy. Take that ould man and put him in a bottle, till he's asked for. Molly, darlint, look me out a dry suit. *[MARY runs out, L. H. D.]*

Mrs. B. He'll catch his death of cold. How did you get into the water, sir?

Andy. I jumped in, to save a duck from drowning.

Mul. That's a physical impossibility!

[ANDY takes off his wet handkerchief.]

Andy. Arrah, who's talkin' of physic?

Mul. Buffon denies that a duck can drown.

Andy. Who's Buffon, when he's at home?

Mul. He's dead long ago, ignoramus.

Andy. Then how the devil could he deny that our duck didn't drown? Ignoramus yerself. Ducks has altered their minds—sc has geese.

Mul. I should like to see a goose drown.

Andy. Bedad, so would I. Jump into the dock wid a lookin' glass, and we'll both be satisfied.

[*MARY returns with a blouse, L. H. D.—ANDY slips his wet handkerchief into MULROONEY'S pocket.*]

Mul. Mrs. Blake, ma'am, your grandson will die on the devil's fishing-rod, ma'am, that's the gallows.

Mary. Come, Andy—

Andy. [*Pulling out a peashooter.*] Where's my pop? Ho!—I say, Mr. Dick, I'll lay you two to one, in kidney potatoes, I hit his nose, first shot.

[*Puts a pea in his mouth.*]

Dick. No, no!

Andy. [*At the door.*] Hay!

[*MULROONEY turns.*]

Mul. Eh?

Andy. Phoo!

[*Blows a pea at him.*]

Mul. Oh! [*Holds his nose, ANDY runs out.*] Why wasn't I born an Ingim—a red Ingim—that I might hang up his scalp in my cabin like a fly-catcher; but I'll see him hung. I'll be up at eight in the morning, and I'll see him dancing on the tight rope.

[*MARY speaks aside with DICK.*]

Mrs. B. Mr. Mulrooney, boys will be boys.

Mul. Yes, madam, but they needn't be bull terriers, to worry the heels of Christians; but no matter, he'll keep. It's another matter brings me here to-day. I've great news for that darling good girl, Mary—Mary, my little shamrock, come here to me. I've that to tell you, will bring the flowers upon your cheek and the dew into your eye. Mary, you are an honest, modest girl, and a friend of mine, Michael Lanagan, wid £500 a year and an elegant jaunting-car, will make Mrs. Lanagan of you, if you'll only say the word. Mike is a substantial man.

Mrs. B. And an elegant jaunting-car.

Mary. He's old enough to be my father.

Mul. 'Tisn't age, Mary, it's fat that disguises him.

Mrs. B. Mary, dear, don't be prejudiced. Mr. Lanagan bears a high character.

Mul. He's-chokin' with good qualities, ma'am.

Mary. But, I don't like him.

Mrs. B. I hated my husband when I married him; but it's wonderful what a thing habit is; I adored him at last, especially when he died.

Mul. Let us take a quiet talk over it, ma'am, in the next room. Young girls is like young pigs, there's no driving them to market. [*Crosses to R. H. D.—Exit MULROONEY and MRS. BLAKE, R. D.*]

Mary. Dick, dear Dick, what shall we do?

Dick. My dearest Mary, trust to me, I will never desert you! Are you not mine?

Mary. You could not deceive me; but why postpone our marriage? While my mother lived, we had the pension given to her as my father's widow; but, since her death, my earnings joined to those of Andy, are

our sole subsistence, how then can I avoid this proposal which would bring us wealth and comfort?

Dick. Mary, I cannot explain to you the obstacles which at present compel me to keep our love a secret; but, is there not in that love security for its endurance and its truth? Could I injure you?—do you doubt me?

Mary. [*Embracing him.*] No, no! I have trusted you with more than my life, and I must believe you till death.

Dick. Dearest!

[*Kisses her.*]

Andy. [*Looking in.*] Ah! I caught you, did I?

Dick. Andy—the devil! Good bye, Mary.

[*Runs off door in F.*]

Andy. Stop—kiss her again—ha, ha!—hurroo! how he runs! there's action for you! What a pity he's not in shafts—if he can keep that up he's under three minutes.

[*Begins to wind a top.*]

Mary. [*Comes down R. H.*] Oh! Andy, they want me to marry old Lanagan!

Andy. Arrah! is it the butcher?—What for?

Mary. Because he's a substantial man.

Andy. O ho! Be the piper, he's that. Three hundred pounds averdupise, if he's an ounce. Arrah, what 'ud you do wid him? May be he's too big to take care of himself all at once. Them big men is always in their own way.

[*Spins his top.*]

Mary. If I won't have him, will you stand by me?

Andy. Like the nose on your face!

Mary. And you'll be secret?

Andy. I'll never blow it.

Mary. Dear Andy, and now tell me how did you get into the dock?

Andy. Oh! murder! didn't I tell you!—I'd forgot it. You see, I was carrying proofs to press,—but stop, where's Mul?

Mary. In the next room, speaking with mother.

Andy. Oh! [*He puts a chair across the door.*] Well, as I was saying, I was rattlin' along by Portobello bridge, where I heard a phillilleloo murder—tare an ouns! and I saw a crowd o' people taring away for the bare life, so up I ran. Whoo! sis I, whose cat's got the measles!

Mary. What was the matter?

Andy. “Oh, wenasthru! Ochone!” ses an old lady, “will nobody save him? will nobody save my child?” and, sure enough, there was a poor little boy struggling in the water below.

Mary. In the dock?

Andy. Divil a ha'porth else, and there was the people runnin' one way and another—every way but the right way—screeching and axin' how the poor child got there. “Arrah! get out of the way,” sis I,—I tuck a run at it, and in I went head fust, like an Irishman; I cum up like a cork, looked round, but the child had sunk.

[*Winds his top.*]

Mary. Oh! mercy.

Andy. They hurrooded and pointed behind me. Down I went again—caught the little villin this time by the scruff o' the neck, and had him ashore in a pig's whisper.

Mary. Dear Andy! you saved him—and the grand lady, what did she do!—who was she!

Andy. Arrah! how would I know?

Mary. And what did you get for it?

Andy. Bedad, I got wet.

[*Spins his top.*]

Mary. Kiss me, Andy, you're a noble boy, whatever they may say.

Andy. [*Kisses her*] There; don't you wish it was Mr. Dick? I say, Mary, there's one thing I don't like in your painter—he comes here in poor clothes, and passes off for a workin' man—why, then, does he drive about in a fine coach all day?

Mary. Mr. Brown?

Andy. I don't think that's his real name—he's an officer. I've seen him in grand jerrimentals, ridin' about.

Mary. Andy, are you sure?—

Andy. Well, he denies it—and says he's somebody else.

Mary. Oh! you are mistaken.

Enter MULROONEY, who stumbles over the Chair.

Mul. Murder! Oh, oh!

Andy. What's the matther, Sir, I hope ye hav'n't hurt—your umbrella!

Mul. I'll break it over your head, you villin.

Andy. [*Threatening to spin his top.*] Two to one, I peg your favorite corn.

Mul. Ah! [*Hops and skips about.*] Mrs. Blake—Ma'am—will you—ah!—rascal!—Mrs. Blake!

Enter MRS. BLAKE.

Andy. Here's old Mull won't let me spin my top.

Mul. You'll come by a bad end—mind what I tell ye.

[*MARY goes round Table, picks up Chair, R. H.*]

Andy. I'll dance at your wake, for all that. Good bye, Sir.

Mul. Good morning, Mrs. Blake.

[*Exit MULROONEY, D. in F.*]

Andy. Hay! [*MULROONEY looks in.*] The top of the morning to Mrs. Mull—

[*MULROONEY disappears.*]

Mrs. B. Andy, Andy,—you will bring me to sorrow and disgrace, you bad boy, you will.

Andy. Ah!—now—Granny—is it me?

Mrs. B. You lazy, idle, undutiful, boy—you're—you're—

Andy. Molly, darling,—give Granny her knittin'—she can never spake handy, if her hand hasn't something to hould on to.

Mrs. B. Don't I spend my old eyesight in working socks for you?—and there's Mary, always mendin' your clothes.

Andy. Iss, Ma'am—I'm a vagabone entirely.

Mrs. B. Where's your new cap that she bought you yesterday?

Andy. The new one. [*Peels on his head.*] Oh, murder, I left it in the dock!

Mrs. B. In the dock! and it cost five shillings.

Mary. Never mind, grandmother, it was lost in saving the life of a poor child.

Andy. And sure I can go without one, granny, or make another—hurroo! [*Makes a cap of paper.*] There's nothing like indipindince!

Here's the thrue cap of liberty made out of the opinions of the press. [*Jumps on a chair.*] Raise up the white ov yer eyes, Mrs. Blake, and take a luk out o' that.

Mrs. B. Andy, ain't you a plague instead of a comfort to me?

Andy. I am, ma'am.

Mrs. B. And I'm sure it's not for want of talkin' to you.

Andy. I'm sure it's not, ma'am.

Mrs. B. Is it laffin' at your granny ye are?

Andy. Did ye see me laf? [*Business.*] I'm as grave as a musthard pot.

Mrs. B. Then listen to me, Andy,—the time is now come when you are old enough to be taken unto our counsels, and sit down like a man.

[*ANDY tips over the chair.*] Ah! bless the boy.

Andy. Go on, ma'am, I'm listenin'.

Mrs. B. Ah, Andy, will you never be a man?—do you so soon forget the dying words of your poor father?

Andy. My father!

Mrs. B. He fell in battle, and by his death he saved his Colonel's life. Do you forget this letter, Andy?—it has never quitted my breast since the day we received it. Read it, Andy. [*She hands ANDY a letter.*]

Andy. "My darling boy, a comrade is seated by my bedside and writes this letter; for I am dying, my poor Andy, and before you read this I shall be under the sod, and you will be fatherless. I have nothing to leave you but a name that dishonor has never touched. Love those I leave behind me—love them for me, Andy—work for them as I would have done—cherish your poor old granny—protect your sister—and remember me. My last breath will be a prayer for you. God bless you—God bless you!

[*ANDY kneels beside MRS. BLAKE, and hides his face in her dress.*]

Mrs. B. Don't cry, Andy, my pet. Andy, darling, don't—

Andy. [*Sobbing.*] Iss, I will—I will; for I didn't remember my poor father—and he's watching me—now—so he is—but I'll work, granny—I will—there goes my top. [*Throws it away.*] I'll soon pass all the printers in the office—the master says I can. I'll be overseer, wid double wages, and you shall have a silk gown—there goes my pay shooter. [*Throws it away.*] I'll play no more, but work for you as father would have done. I'll be a man, granny—it's mighty hard to do it all at once—but, heu, heu, heu! there go the marbles! [*Shows the marbles away.*] There, it's over now—kiss me, granny. [*He throws himself into her arms.*] I'm off now to work—kiss me, Mary—good-bye—I'm off! [*Runs out.*]

Mrs. B. [*Wiping her eyes with her knitting.*] What did you make the boy cry for?—ye heartless creature!

Mary. Dear Andy—and he was so fond of his playthings!

Mrs. B. Give me his top, he'll want it again to-morrow, the darlin'. What did you go and show him that letter for?—isn't it enough that the boy is worked off his two legs day and night, to put bread in our mouths?

Mary. Yes, indeed, granny—I was wrong—

Mrs. B. Ye're never happy but when you're teazin' and fault-fandin'; but you'll soon be married, and then we'll be happy, maybe.

Mary. Married!

Mrs. B. And settled. Mr. Lanagan, wid five hundred a-year, and a jaunting-car, will push Andy, and maybe he'll buy him a share in the printing-office.

Mary. Don't ask me to marry old Lanagan, granny.

Mrs. B. Refuse five hundred pounds a year!

Mary. I can't love him.

Mrs. B. And a jaunting car. Is it stark-starin', ravin' mad y'are? or is it as Mrs. Mulrooney says, that you are in love?

Mary. Me!

Mrs. B. That's it—you're in love with this young painter. Would ye throw yourself away on a painter!—only a painter,—if he was even a painter and glazier itself—

Mary. [*Thoughtfully.*] I wish he was.

Mrs. B. See now; this young man may be very honest—but he hasn't a shop, or any respectable sign of a livelihood about him. Mr. Mulrooney thinks he's a runaway convict.

Mary. [*Thoughtfully.*] I wish he was.

Mrs. B. So I'll just tell him this evening, that you are goen' to be married, and we want all the room in the place here for courtship.

Enter MULROONEY, D. in F.

Mul. I knew it—he's caught at last! Oh, blessed day! *Mrs. Blake*—Ma'am, I congratulate you. The villain is laid by the heels.

Mrs. B. Who? who?

Mul. Who but Andy? He's in the hands of the police—and I hope he'll try his upper cuts and chinchoppers upon them. I hope so; that will aggravate his case.

Mary. My brother in custody?

Mul. I saw him off—to the Lock-up.

Mrs. B. What has he done!

Mul. He was discovered in the act of breaking into a jeweller's shop.

Mrs. B. Andy, a robber!—Oh! what'll be done to him?

Mul. Transportation for twenty-one years. I congratulate you;—he'll be taught a useful trade—on the silent system.

Enter ANDY, quickly, but unobserved.

Mrs. B. Oh, my poor boy,—my darlin'!—

Mul. It's a great blow—a mighty big blow entirely.

Mary. Granny, it is impossible. Andy a thief!—a felon? No—no

Mul. If he isn't—may as big a blow fall on me. [*ANDY knocks his hat over his eyes.*] Murder!—fire!—thieves!—fire!

[*Puts up his umbrella.*]

Mrs. B. Ah! Andy.

Mary. Dear Andy.

Andy. Stop, till I rowl this spalpeen up wid a polthogue, that'll make a holy show of him for all his life.

Mary. No, Andy, no.

Andy. A thief, am I!—a felon?—let me at him.

Mul. No; hold him in hard.

Mrs. B. Andy, Andy,—I insist,—dy'e hear me?

[MULROONEY is pursued by ANDY.—MULROONEY holds up his umbrella to protect himself; at last escapes into room, R. H.]

Mul. Hold him tight, Mary.

Andy. Accuse me of felony!—make me out a thief! I'll murder him—if I spoil a market.

[Exit MRS. BLAKE after MULROONEY.]

Mary. Why were you taken by the police?

Andy. Oh, 'twas nothin'. As I walked along, I felt an odd marble in my pocket: I jerked it away, and whip it went through a window. The polisman saw it, and tuck me, and sure enough I was bein' marched off to the lock-up, when a fine coach drove up, and out jumped your grand painter, Mr. Dick.

Mary. He? Andy, it is impossible!

Andy. He only whispered some words to the polisman, who immediately dropped me like a hot potatoe. Mr. Dick didn't think I overheard what he said, but I did.

Mary. Oh, Andy.

Andy. He said: "My name is Captain Richard Daly; I am the son of General Daly, of Daly Castle, and I will be answerable for this boy;" with that he jumped into his carriage again, and drove away—so you see all his painting is a sham. Hollo—Mary,—Mary darlin'!—how pale you are.

Mary. Oh, I have been deceived.

Andy. You loved him. [MARY sits and cries, L. H.] and he led you on, the sneaking villain.

Mary. No, Andy, he means me well—he will marry me—he has sworn it.

Andy. Marry, marry you? Stop—didn't I see the name of Richard Daly in the newspaper this morning? tare an ouns, I did so. We print the paper, and I set up the article about him. Stop!—it's here. [Runs to the table and searches.] Where did I put it!—ho! [Pulls his cap off.] Here it is; [Looks it over.] it begins wid—"Marriage in High Life!" Ha, sure enough. Look here! [Reads.] "Marriage in High Life. We understand, that Captain Richard Daly, of the Inn-skellen Dragons, will soon lead to the altar, the only daughter and heiress of Lord O'Malley."

Mary. Lost!—ruined!

[Kneeling.]

Andy. Mary! Mary ashore—oh, murther alive—darlin'! spake to me.

Mary. Andy, don't scorn me; don't look at me, I have disgraced our father's name!

Andy. Hush! [Places his hand on her mouth] Oh, Mary, my sister!—oh, don't spake the word—he'll hear ye, maybe!

Mary. Do you not believe me, Andy, that he promised—he swore to make me his wife!

Andy. Hush! here's granny—not a word. Oh, murther! if she thought, it would break her heart entirely.

Enter MRS. BLAKE and MULROONEY, R. H. D.

Mul. Is he peaceable?

Andy. Oh, never fear, I'm wathered down; [*Wipes his eyes.*] iss, indeed—[*Aside, to MARY.*] arrah, smile at it—laugh, acushla. [*Aloud*] Mull, giv' us your hand—faix, yer not so bad afther all; there's worse men than ye—oh, be dad, there is. [*Aside.*] Granny's luki'g at ye, pluck up a smile, my jewel. Oh, my heart is choking me—so it is.

Mul. Why what's the matter with the boy? I believe he's drunk.

Andy. Iss—ha! ha!—it's drunk I am, but it's on salt wather! Hoo, hoo!—but it's a dhrink that has made a man of me. [*Crosses to Mrs. B., R. H.*] Granny, good bye, darlin'—say a good word to Mary, she's in throuble and sore-hearted. [*Crosses to L. H.—aside to MARY.*] Mary, I'm off to see Mr. Daly. Whisht—not a word. [*Aloud.—Passing MARY across to Mrs. B.*] There!—and now I'll run back to work.

Mrs. B. Heaven bless you, Andy, in all you do.

Andy. Heaven bless me! Oh, yes. May heaven bless me in what I'm goin' to do. [*Drawing out the letter.*] Father, darlin'—father, aroon, are ye lookin' down upon your poor Andy? [*Reads*] Love your sister, and protect her, as I would do. [*Kisses the letter.*] I will, wid the blessin' of heav'n, I will. Good bye, granny; mother, good bye—good bye, Mull. [*Runs out.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A richly furnished Saloon in GENERAL DALY'S House.*

Enter the GENERAL and LADY MOUNTJOY, R. H. I. E.

Gen. Lady Mountjoy, I tell you, you are wrong.

Lady M. General Daly, I tell you, I am right.

Gen. Now, look ye, sister. My son Dick is four and twenty; he has been for six years playing the dandy soldier in a crack regiment—a war breaks out in Turkey—I smell powder from here. Dick shall not skulk behind your petticoat, but fight, ma'am, fight! Why, before I was his age, I had more bullet holes in my body than button holes in my uniform.

Lady M. Is not he your only son?

Gen. And ain't I his only father? What's good for the goose is good for the gosling. I'll not have him molleycoddled.

Lady M. He'll be coming back to us on a pair of wooden legs.

Gen. So much the better, [*Crosses to R.*] then he'll never have the gout. If I had been lucky enough to lose mine, what a blessing it would have been to my temper. Oh! here he is.

Enter DICK, in Uniform, C. D.

Dick. Good morning, General. Ah! Aunt, I am glad to see you.

Gen. Don't let me diminish your satisfaction by sharing its—

Lady M. Stay, General, my nephew shall decide between us.

Gen. Done! If he's a Daly, and my son, I'll answer for him.

Lady M. Richard, you have to choose. Will you accept a commission in the 88th, or the hand of Arabella O'Malley?

Gen. Ah, the Jezebell how she puts it.

Dick. A choice between a commission in the 88th—

Gen. En route for Constantinople, my boy—lots of fighting—

Dick. Or, the hand of Arabella—

Lady M. En route for matrimony, my boy.

Gen. Yes, and lots of fighting. Aha, I had her there! Ha. ha!

[*Rises and comes down, R. H.*]

Dick. Could your son hesitate? [*Crosses to c.*] I accept the commission.

Gen. Beaten into toothpicks! Horse, foot, and artillery.

[*Crosses to c.*]

Lady M. I confess it. I gave him credit for better taste.

Gen. Come, I won't crow over you. The regiment sails in a month. There's plenty of time for him to marry and settle, and be off—

Dick. Marry!—But, sir, I have no desire to marry.

Gen. More shame for you. Before I was your age, I would have married fifty wives, if the law hadn't a prejudice against it.

Dick. But you have often told me that a married man made a bad soldier.

Gen. The Dalys are an exception—fighting is their element—look at your aunt, marriage didn't spoil her, ask her husband.

Lady M. General, you are a bear!

Gen. Your ladyship is my sister!

Lady M. Come, Richard, let us leave him, [*Crosses to R. c.*] the gout has not left a trace of the civilized being in him.

Gen. Go along, Dick, but remember, sir, the O'Malleys are noble and rich, you marry next Monday, and on that day three weeks you sail for the wars; let me see that you distinguish yourself in both capacities.

Dick. But, sir—

Gen. Silence in the ranks!—Discipline, damme!—right, about—left foot for'ard—quick march! [*Exit LADY M. and DICK, R. H. D.*] There, that's my system; obedience and silence. It's part of my infallible remedy for the gout. No contradiction—I'd like to hear the voice raised when I give an order.

Andy. [*Outside.*] I tell you, I will.

Serv. [*Outside.*] You can't go up, sir.

Andy. [*Outside.*] Hould off your hands.

Serv. It's impossible.

Gen. What's this uproar?

Enter ANDY and SERVANT, C. D.

How, now—how, now. What boy is this?

Serv. [*He points to Andy.*] Captain Daly, and then for you, he forced his way in, sir, to see me.

Gen. What's the meaning of this? what d'ye want?

Andy. Jirral Daly, iv ye plaze, sir.

Gen. I'm General Daly.

Andy. I've a word to say to yer honor.

Gen. Well, out with it.

Andy. ~~Keepin' that the place part of cars to two people's business.~~

Gen. ~~Leave us. William of Eire. SERVANT. Good. Now what have you to say?~~

Andy. It—it is—sorra come to me, jinral, but it's bad news, and about your own son.

Gen. Ha!—go on, and remember I am his father.

Andy. I'm sorry for it, sir; but that's no fault o' mine, is it, jinral? If he wasn't your son, d'ye-know, I'd call him the biggest blackguard that ever spoiled a dacent name.

Gen. Explain yourself. [*Aside.*] I fear that rascal, Dick, has got into some love-scape—there's a girl at the bottom of this—I feel it.

[*Sits.*]

Andy. Ye see, jinral, I live in a little cottage, bayant near Dollymount, wid the ould granny and a colleen, my sisther, that is. We wor as happy as bugs in a rug, till the day a young painter darkened our dure—he was a stranger, and the welkim was his. Oh, jinral, when St. Pathrick dhrove all the crapin things out of Ireland, he left one sar-pint behind him, and that was your son.

Gen. What has my son to do with all this?

Andy. Wasn't he the painter, under a sham name? He said he was poor, and so we opened our hearts to him, and we said, take all we have to give—that is, our love; but he didn't come to share—he came to rob; he didn't want our love—he wanted our ruination.

Gen. If injury has been done you, Dick shall atone for it.

Andy. If you knew how we loved him. Granny loved him like her own boy; and I loved him, and Mary!—oh, poor Mary loved him too well—she trusted his promises.

Gen. This is the fruit of his aunt's dandifying education—this is high-life morality. I knew there was something under his infernal pipeclay sobriety lately. He never came home drunk in his life—no, that's bad taste, and Dick's a fine gentleman, but he'll poison the happiness of an honest family, like a sneaking son of centipede—that's good taste, and a fine after-dinner anecdote.

Andy. Whoo! jinral, the Dalys is a grate family, intirely—the rale ould stock.

Gen. Return to your sister, and say that I will see her righted.

Andy. I knew it—iss, sir.

Gen. My son shall make her a handsome allowance.

Andy. Money!

Gen. What would you have?

Andy. Don't be angry, jinral. I'd ask you one thing. When a soldier disguises himself, and steals, unbeknown into a furrin camp, to worm out the secrets of the people there, to ruin them, what's done to him if he's caught?

Gen. He's a spy, and his life is forfeit.

Andy. Well, then, my father was a soldier—his house was his camp—

your son a soldier, too, stole, unbeknown, and in disguise into our house, to steal our secrets, to ruin us! Is not his life forfeit to my sister?

Gen. His life!

[*Rises.*]

Andy. Let him marry her—he gave his word—if he's a gentleman, he has but one—let him take it up—he pledged his honor—if he's a soldier, what'll he do without it?

Gen. My son marry your sister! [*Re-enter LADY MOUNTJOY, R. H. D.*] Oh! here's his aunt. So, your ladyship has arrived just in time. Your hopeful nephew, ma'am, has been distinguishing himself finely, thanks to your fashionable principles.

Andy. [*Aside.*] Why, sure I've seen that lady before!

Lady M. What's the matter?

Gen. The matter is, that your nephew is a rascal—he's a scurvy villain, ma'am. He has ruined an innocent young girl, whose love he gained under an assumed name.

Lady M. Well, General, there's no need to make such a noise about it. Richard will behave as a gentleman would do under the circumstances. Who is the young person?

Andy. She is my sister.

Lady M. Ah! [*Crosses to c.*] of a person in the lower ranks. I thought Richard had better taste.

Andy. Thru for you, ma'am; if he had done it amongst you in the upper ranks, he'd have shown better taste, and there'd have been less noise about it, maybe.

Lady M. And what does this little man want?

Gen. He wants Dick to marry his sister.

Lady M. Ha! ha! ha! that is too good! Ha! ha! marry a nameless beggar—

Andy. [*Half-angry.*] Iss, indeed, it's mighty droll: a fine gentleman brings ruin and disgrace on poor humble folks—ho! ho! it's a great joke entirely—he robs them, and there's no law to protect the only property of the poor—their good name—how good that is—he! he! Then the old woman may die broken-hearted—who knows or cares how she dies? The girl may pine and wither—she's poor and nobody will be any the wiser—ha! ha! The rich must have their pleasures, and the poor must pay for 'em—ha! ha! ha!—oh, I'll choke wid laughin'.

[*Bursts into hysterical tears.*]

Gen. Lady Mountjoy, your nephew is no son of mine. This boy is right—he has pledged his word.

Lady M. Think of our family!

Andy. Oh, yes! but I didn't think of my family when I jumped into the dock this morning to save your child's life.

Lady M. You! 'Twas you who saved my darling—my only child?

Gen. Brave boy! The newspapers already are full of the noble deed.

Lady M. And I advertised a reward for you—why have you not claimed it?

Andy. Arrah, if a Newfoundland dog had been in my place, he would ha' done it, and divil a word would ha' been said; and d'ye think he'd have come scratchin' at your door for your reward?

[*Goes up.*]

Gen. Now, sister, what d'ye say?—you are dumbfounded. Look ye, my little man, go bring your sister here.

Andy. [*Comes down c.*] That will I, sir—she's not far off; and when you see her, the heart of you will melt into your eyes. But, ginral, dear, spake kindly to her—don't put on yer jerrimental face—she's a tender creature. God bless ye—give her the good word, and the soft look. I'll be wid ye in a minute. [*Runs out, c. d.*]

Gen. Sister, what's to be done? Dick's a scoundrel—an infernal rascal! I don't know if I make myself clearly understood.

Lady M. Calm yourself, General, for heaven's sake!

Gen. Reparation shall be made.

Lady M. The gout has got into your temper.

Gen. It hasn't got into my heart, nor into my conscience. I'm a soldier every inch of me. My son bears my name, and shall not dishonor it. No, by— [*Enter DICK, c. d.*] Oh! you are here—you are here!—and with that pipe-clay face! Speak, rascal, what is this that I have heard? You have deceived—ruined a defenceless girl!

Dick. General—

Gen. You lie, sir, you did! You changed your name to do this dirty work! I thank you for the respect you showed to mine: you pledged your word to marry the poor child, and then betrayed her. [*Goes up to him.*] Captain Daly, you are a coward!

Dick. A coward!!

Gen. Ay, a court-martial can't break you, but I, your father, tell you that you have disgraced the mother that bore you, and the queen, whose uniform you wear. These are the marks of honor—they are not fit for you.

[*He tears th epaulettes from RICHARD's shoulders, and throws them down.*]

Dick. Ah! this is too much!

Gen. Silence!

Lady M. Richard, leave your father; he is mad. Come—come with me.

Dick. Oh, he shall repent this usage.

[*Exit.*]

Lady M. Brother, you are a polar bear. You will drive him frantic—your horrible o'd rhinoceros.

[*Exit, after RICHARD, c. d.*]

Gen. I've brought on a twinge of the gout. [*He sits down, R.*] If I hadn't the temper of an angel, they would have me in a lunatic asylum in a week.

Re-enter ANDY, C. D.

Oh! you are back again!

And. She's here. Whisht! She don't know that she is in your house, or she would not have come.

Gen. Well, bring her in.

[*Roughly.*]

Andy. I will, sir [*Going, returns.*] But spake kindly, Gin'ral. A soft word opens the heart, and ye have a smile that's becomin' to ye.

Gen. Go along, sir.

Andy. [*Speaking off, c. d. to L. H.*] Come in, darlin—wipe your shoes, asthore—iss! Now, then, this way.

Enter MARY, C. D.

Mary. You told me I was to see a lady here.

Andy. Whisht! she's out.

Gen. Humph!—I thought so. Very pretty. Damned scoundrel!

Andy. Go near him. He's hard o'hearing, and can't see you.

Gen. [*Sharply.*] Approach.

[*She starts away.*]

Andy. [*Stopping her.*] Ah, Gin'ral, dont spake so rough to her; she isn't used to it. Come, Mary dear, this is a gin'ral, a rale gin'ral—the finest in Ireland, wid a heart as big as the bill of Howth, an' a smile like the sunbeams on Dublin bay. [*Aside to him.*] Smile a bit.

Gen. I'm General Daly, the father of that rascal, Dick.

Andy. [*Aside.*] Whew! The cat's out of the bag.

Mary. Oh, Andy! where have you brought me!

Andy. [*Aside.*] Don't trimble; I'm by your side. Never fear; he's only a man, though he looks like a say-sarpint.

Gen. Don't be frightened. I know all. My son is a scoundrel.

Mary. No—no.

[*Crosses to GENERAL.*]

Gen. I say he is.

Andy. [*Aside.*] Don't contradict him, jewel; he ought to know best.

Gen. He deceived you, and promised to marry you!

Mary. Yes, sir.

Gen. And why did he not keep his word?

Mary. He said that there was an insurmountable obstacle in the way.

Andy. That was you, sir. You were the insurmountable obstacle.

Gen. The profligate! He made me to blame. And you love him still?

Mary. No, I hate him—and I wish I were dead.

[*Cries.*]

Gen. Don't cry, my child: he shall be punished. I've done with him. I'll discard, disinherit him.

Mary. [*Kneeling by his side.*] No, no! not for me—for then he would hate me. Pardon him.

Gen. Poor child. She said she did not love him. This is an injured woman's hate—she can't harbor an unkind thought for her destroyer. But is it possible that you have no protector. Where is your father?

Andy. He is dead, Sir.

Gen. Dead?

Andy. He died on the field of battle in India—at the field of Ghuznee.

Gen. A comrade—why, I commanded a regiment at that very battle,—I was a colonel then, and led the gallant eighty-eighth up to their knees in blood

Andy. Tare an' ouns!—the eighty-eighth—the Connaught Rangers! That was my father's corps.

Gen. His name?

[*Rises a little.*]

Andy. The same as mine—'twas Andy Blake.

Gen. Ah! [*Falls back.*] My own serjeant, who saved my life by sacrificing his own. I stood by his bedside as he bled to death. "Good-bye, General," said the brave fellow, "if it wasn't for my poor children,

I'd die a happy man entirely, this day ;" and as he stretched out his hand to sign a letter to his son, which he had just dictated to a comrade, he fell back—a corpse.

Andy. And here's that letter—unsigned—as he left it.

[*Gives the GENERAL the Letter.*]

Gen. The same—the same. Come to my heart, my children—mine. God bless you !

[*He embraces them.*]

Re-enter LADY MOUNTJOY, C. D.—Comes down, L. H.

Lady M. Well, General, I've arranged all our difficulties. The unhappy young girl shall live in my establishment. I have found a place for her—

Gen. And so have I—on my heart—for while a roof is over me, by the great Iron Duke, she shall share it.

Andy. Hurroo ! This is a great day for Ireland.

Enter DICK DALY, C. D.

Dick. I come, Sir, to—Mary !

Gen. [*Crosses to c.*] Miss Blake, Sir ; none of you damned familiarity under my roof. This lady is mistress here—for the future—she is my adopted child. Her father shed his blood to save your father's life—he died, and here is his legacy.

Dick. I did not require this news to prompt me how I ought to act. I have resigned my commission in the Guards, and now, as a common volunteer my name is enrolled in the next regiment that sails for the Turkish war.

Gen. You have—you—[*Repressing his delight.*]*—*you have my consent—begone—

Lady M. What do I hear ? My nephew a common soldier ?

Dick. She whom I love is not now beneath me in rank—and I can offer her my hand.

Gen. Stop.—Matters have changed—Miss Blake will inherit a great share of my property ; you have not a brass farthing—she is mistress of my house ; and you, as your aunt says, you are a common soldier—what will Miss Blake's family say to this ?

Andy. I'm her family, and have no vulgar prejudices. [*Pushing MARY across to DICK.*] I give my consent.

Gen. Take her, Dick, and restore to the name you bear, the brightness that never was clouded till this day.

[*DICK embraces MARY, and retires back.*]

Lady M. I suppose I must submit. She's pretty, and we must make the best of it.

[*Joins DICK and MARY.—ANDY crosses to L. H.*]

Gen. [*R.*] And now, my boy, what can I do for you ?

Andy. Me ? He ! he ! Well, Jinral, if you'd—he ! he ! only let me—if you would—I'd like to—he !—I don't know—how to—to—ax you.

Gen. Out with it—what d'ye want ?

Andy. I, I, I, want to throw my arms about your old neck, and give you a kiss.

Gen. Come !

[*ANDY runs and embraces him.*]

Andy. Oh, Jinral ! it's the light heart you have put into me this day, and I feel at this minute as if I could die for you as my father did—no matther—sure I've made everybody happy, and that's all I want. [*To the Audience.*] I have made you happy—if I have, why, when you go home, and spake of me—arrah ! smooth over the faults of a poor Irish boy, and say a pleasant kind word about ANDY BLAKE.

THE END.

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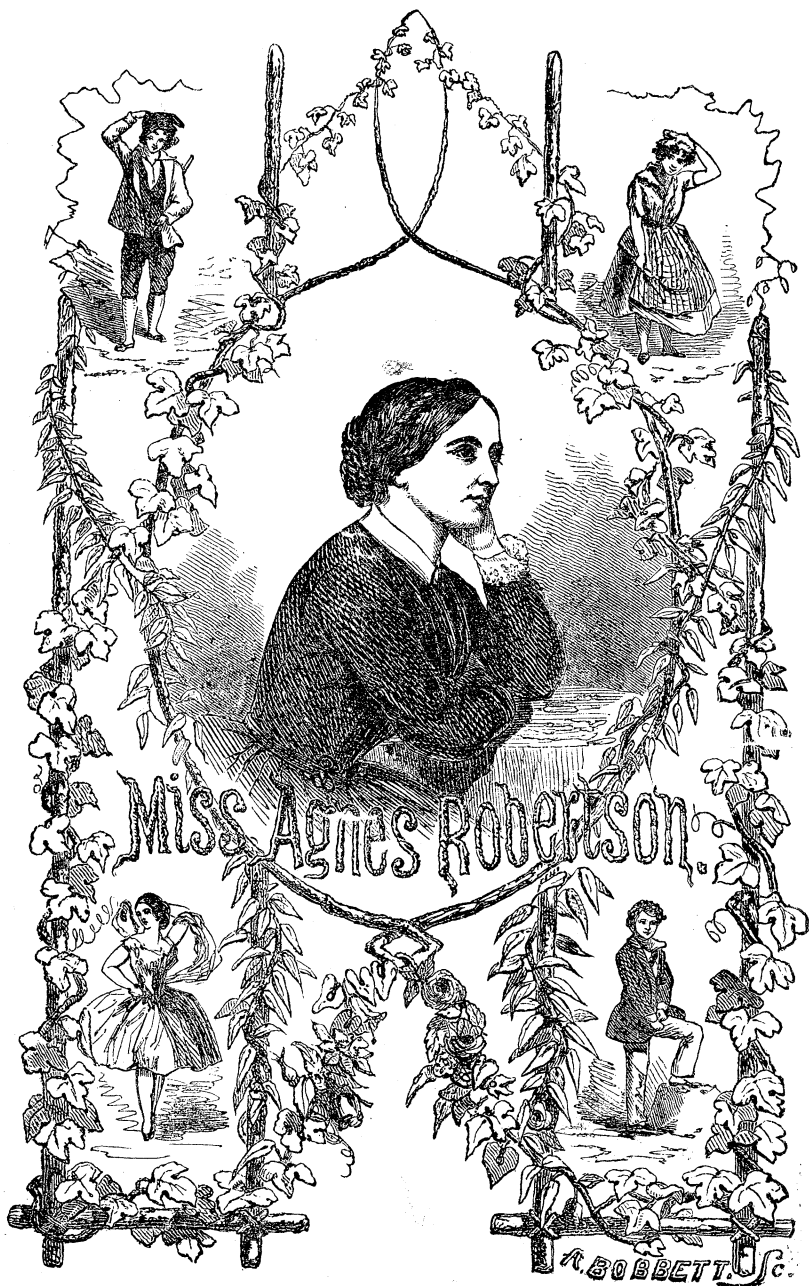
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